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LETTER FROM MR. COAN.

HILO, HAWAII, JAN. 14, 1869.

G. C. BUCKWITH, D. D., *Sec'y Am. Peace Society.*

MY DEAR BROTHER: It is a long time since I have written you, and longer still since I have received anything from your pen. I think my last was written in December, 1867.

But you will not infer from this long silence, that I have lost interest in this heaven-born object which you have so long and ably advocated, with zeal and patience. The cause of Peace is one which I can never forget until "my right hand forget her cunning," or cease to plead before God and man, until "my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Peace is one of the most pre-eminent and enduring fruits of righteousness. It is always the result of an intelligent, cordial and comprehensive reception of the gospel of Christ. It is the *power* of the blessed gospel in the heart and life of the full believer.

I read "*the Advocate of Peace*" with unabated interest, and rejoice at every new development of interest in this cause in any part of the world. We know that the time *will* come, when this great radical principle of Christianity will prevail over all the earth. We rejoice in the "great precious promises" to this effect, and we hail with unutterable gladness every token of progress in public sentiment and action in this direction. We, also, watch the Providences of God, and wait patiently on Him for the accomplishment of His purposes and promises. Though "the vision" of heavenly beauty, overspreading the earth with peace and glory, "tarry," we "wait for it, because it *will* come, and will not tarry."

But, as visions of wealth, honor, science, and of all earthly good, are not realized in a romantic fancy, but are the results of long and patient, and often painful, toil; so "Peace on earth" will never be conquered by "a masterly *inactivity*." The rugged and sterile face of the earth is clothed with beauty and fruitfulness only by patient toil, and the sweat of the husbandman. Ease and indolent indifference never do this. Nor will effeminate sighs for the beautiful and good bring these blessings to us. Nor will a cold and inactive assertion of the eternal purposes and overruling Providence of good, hasten on the glad day. To realize the desired boon, the church must seek it, like all other spiritual good, in prayers, and tears, and teachings, and toils, and patient sufferings. Inventions, improvements, art, science, literature, wealth, freedom, temperance, morality and pure religion, all come only as the results of study and effort.

I would not have all our presses, secular and religious, all our pulpits, and platforms, and schools, constantly dwelling on this one feature of our creed; but we wish all to give it its proper place, and its proportionate interest in the great humanizing, civilizing, and christianizing system which we advocate. As the enlightened freeman is jealous of his liberty, and the nobleman of his honor, so should all good men be sensitive on the subject of peace. The bare proposition of war should arouse the remonstrances of the

civilized and religious world, as the booming guns of Sumter awakened the patriotism of every loyal heart in the United States.

How easy it seems to see and to state what *should be*; but it is quite a different matter, to bring all Christendom to see and to feel as we do. Great, chronic, and widespread evils cannot be rooted out of the world by a word or in a day. How long and severe the struggle of Temperance with its foes! How deadly and protracted the conflict of liberty with tyranny and oppression! "The Conflict of Ages" has been between right and wrong, selfishness and benevolence, hatred and love, peace and war, sin and holiness, life and death. This conflict takes ten thousand forms. The battle-field is the whole earth, and the war has raged ever since the "flaming sword" drove Adam out of Paradise. It is not yet ended; but its horrors are mitigated, and the boundaries of rebellion are being removed. Let all the friends of peace, truth and love hold on, and possess their souls in patience. *Pray on, work on, hope on.* The final victory is sure. Light flashes through the smoke of battle, stars shine through opening clouds, and the great sun floods the upper regions of the atmosphere with his beams, while darkness and tempest rage below. The God of love and peace is on the throne. The Prince of Peace holds the sceptre of universal dominion, and His reign of light and love is making steady *advances*. This we know and feel. Like the husbandman's patient waiting for the precious fruits of the earth, so we wait and work, "for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

HONOR TO THE USEFUL. — Col. Hoe, inventor of the rotary printing press, lately asked an extension of his patent, whereupon the N. Y. *Commercial*, commending the proposal, says with much truth and force, "did glory depend on a man's utility instead of his honor, on the number of lives he has bettered rather than on those he has destroyed, there would be few names that would stand higher on the pillar of fame than that of Colonel Hoe, the inventor of the type-revolving printing press. To estimate the usefulness of such a man is like setting an estimate on sunshine. No set of people better understand what he has done toward cheapening the price of newspapers, and providing early intelligence for the great mass of people, than the newspaper editors and publishers not only of this country, but of Europe; for the man who doubts the power of the press, doubts the intelligence of the country. He gives a new impetus to the powers of the human mind, in comparison with which even the blessings of steam dwindle into insignificance. Hoe's invention put the press twenty years in advance of its time. A man who confers so many advantages on the human family is entitled to more than ordinary consideration from Congress. In comparison with the good he confers, how dwindle the glory which gilds the name of some of the greatest heroes of the past and present. And yet, who has ever thought of building a monument to Col. Hoe, or even inquiring into his history? If he should die to-morrow, there would be less parade made over his remains than if he had been Lieutenant to the Mounted Fifers. The human family is queerly made up." Say rather, men have been led into a blind, suicidal admiration of military achievements, and a strange neglect or undervaluing of what is merely or chiefly useful.